DETECTIVE JULES CHRISTIE, officer investigating the death (m or f). The keen-eyed detective: trench coat and fedora.

(CHRISTIE enters, followed by CELIA)

CHRISTIE: The fatal wound was inflicted by a 9 mm pistol. Do any of you possess or have access to that calibre of weapon?

DESIREE: That's what mine is!

ALEX: And mine.

JORDAN & MAC: Mine as well.

BUTLER: That is the calibre of my private gun.

DAMON: Mine, too.

CELIA: Me too.

ANTOINE: "Et tu, Celia?"

CELIA: I used to have a stalker.

CHRISTIE: (bringing out a pistol in a plastic evidence bag) You're not exactly helping me narrow down the suspects. Let me put it this way: does anyone recognize this? (all look at it and give responses in the negative.) This 9 mm pistol was found not far from the body, slightly hidden under a vat. What about you, Mrs. Martin, can you identify it?

AIMEE: I think it's Chuck's. Was it manufactured in Florida?

(CHRISTIE examines the pistol)

CHRISTIE: Yes.

AIMEE: Then it must be his. He said he bought it in Miami.

DESIREE: Are there any fingerprints on it?

CHRISTIE: Only one set. Forensics will confirm but for the moment we are presuming they are Mr. Martin's.

MAC: A murderer wouldn't leave a weapon behind, would he?

CHRISTIE: Or she. Unlikely -- unless they were interrupted.

JORDAN: But if there's only one set of prints --?

CHRISTIE: You've all watched detective shows, I'm sure you know murderers can wear gloves. But again I need to stress, we are drawing no definite conclusions yet. Monsieur DuMaurier, I'd like to speak with you know.

ANTOINE: Finalement! (he exits with CHRISTIE)